

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## MR. BALFOUR OPENS SEAHAM DOCK.



The top picture shows Mr. Balfour, with Lord Londonderry on the left and the contractor, Mr. Pearson, on the right. The lower picture shows Mr. Balfour making his speech at the opening ceremony.

## ENGLAND'S ROYAL GUEST.



The King of Greece, Queen Alexandra's brother, who arrives at Portsmouth to-day, on a visit to King Edward.—(Stereograph copyright, 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

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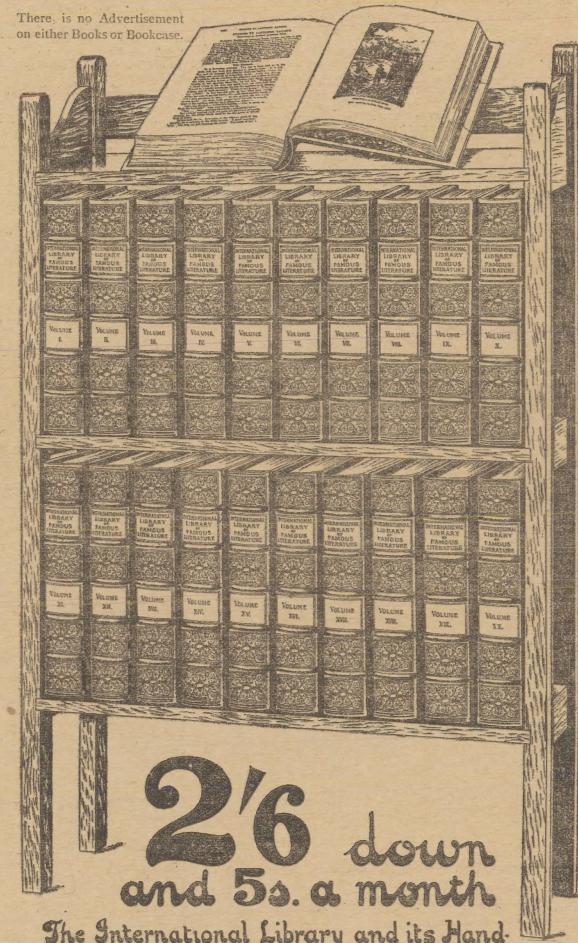
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E. WINGRAVE

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## THE KING OF GREECE ARRIVES TO-DAY.

Muscular Monarch Anxious to Invite King Edward to Athens.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

English Monarch Will Probably Accept the Invitation.

## INTEREST IN CURRANTS.

The King of Greece arrives to-day in England on a visit to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and he will be received at Portsmouth with all the honours due to a crowned head.

One of the most interesting facts of the King's visit has not yet been made public. King George is anxious that King Edward should visit Greece next April to see the Olympic games at Athens, in which the athletic glories of old Greece are to be revived. A formal invitation to Athens will be tendered during the visit. King Edward is understood to be greatly interested in the revival, and it is quite probable that he may be persuaded to accept the hospitality of the Hellenic monarch.

If this project should be realised it would greatly add to the interest felt in the revival both in England and in Greece. King George is an athlete first and a monarch afterwards. He is the most muscular king in Europe, and more than once he has, under the pseudonym of "George Rapado pulus," taken part in the struggles of the arena and the racing path. On one occasion he was so startlingly successful that the crowd suspected him of being a professional masquerading as an amateur.

At length the partisans of the defeated men lost their tempers and made an ugly rush towards the too successful stranger. Even to this day the roughs, who were with some difficulty repelled by the police, do not know that the competitor whom they hustled was their king.

### AN ATHLETIC MONARCH.

The greatest athlete may well be proud of showing his prowess before the eyes of such a monarch as this. If King Edward also finds it possible to grace the Stadium at Athens with his presence, the cup of joy will be full for the cosmopolitan crowd who will be attracted by the glamour of the games.

The first revival of this kind took place in 1896. American and English athletes generally carried all before them. But in the famous Marathon race victory was appropriately reserved for a descendant of the race that won at Thermopylae.

S. Lones, a Greek peasant, ran the 24 miles 1,500 yards from Marathon to the Stadium in two hours-fifty-five minutes. His most serious rival was an Australian named Flack, who carried the colours of the Thames Hare and Hounds. He was leading until near the finish, when he fell exhausted to the ground.

The Olympic Games were repeated at Paris in 1900, but it was not the same thing. The glamour of classicism was absent. Next year the Marathon race will run over the same course that old Greek athletes traversed 2,000 years ago—from the Taurians, "where the mountain looks on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," to the Stadium at Athens.

If an English athlete should win the great honour on this classic soil before the eyes of his King the pride of his countrymen will know no bounds.

## THE KING AND CURRANTS.

But there is another side to King George's visit. In one sense he is a royal commercial traveller. His visit may give an impetus to the consumption of currants in this country.

Greece has only one great source of wealth—currants. Literally the country has a currant currency. A bank was actually founded into which depositors paid their fruit instead of money.

Currants have been the great problem over which the statesmen of Greece have struggled. A few years ago France took seventy thousand tons of currants, which she turned into wine. The French grape crop had failed, and currants proved such an excellent substitute that the wine-makers continued to use them until the grape-growers clamoured for legislation to protect them from the competition.

Greece had spent twenty millions on currant plantations to meet the demand, when France suddenly imposed a tariff that completely ruined the trade.

Bad times followed. Wages fell 50 per cent. Thousands of men were starving, and hunger caused riots. No taxes were paid, and when bailiffs tried to distrain the peasants prepared to

show fight. Bloodshed was prevented by the women, who, knowing that the armed collectors would not fire upon them, turned out in force with broomsticks.

Rifles, if one cannot fire them, are no match for broomsticks, so the women won, but the whole country was disturbed.

### CURRANTS AS FOOD.

At last a great syndicate, in which King George showed interest, was formed to control the yearly output of currants, and Greece was saved.

To English people currants do not seem of great importance. They suggest indigestible Christmas puddings. But other countries think differently. Germany and Holland long ago discovered the food value of currant bread, and Sir Francis Laking, King Edward's physician, thinks we might adopt it. "The masses of labourers in the fields or in the mines—say, the soldiers in barracks or on the march—would require no other food," he writes, "because currants contain sufficient nutriment, and especially the saccharine element in its best form—that of grape sugar."

In a postscript to the letter in which Sir Francis Laking made this suggestion, he said: "The great physician, Sir William Gull, thought so highly of currants that he always advised his patients, when on a long journey, to carry with them plum-pudding."

King Edward will set the example to his subjects to-day when, as a compliment to his guest, he will have a special dish of currants served at dessert.

### PERSONAL TRAITS.

In a score of other ways the King of Greece is an interesting personage. He is, perhaps, the only royal in history who became a reigning monarch earlier than his own father.

It happened thus. The throne of Greece was going begging. Queen Victoria had refused it on behalf of Prince Albert, subsequently Duke of Edinburgh, and then of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The crown was then offered to Prince George of Denmark, and accepted by him. A fortnight later his grandfather died, and his father mounted the hereditary seat of the monarchs of Denmark.

King George, who is said to be the most poorly-paid King in Europe, hates ceremony, and has a habit of strolling about incognito, talking freely to any strangers he may meet.

Declining to answer a challenge from a royal sentry on one occasion he was fired at, but escaped with a rent in his overcoat. Next day he summoned the sentinel to his presence, thanked him for his devotion to instructions, and presented him with one of the minor military orders.

Some years ago two would-be assassins fired six shots at the King with army rifles. The King was driving with one of his daughters, and instantly stood up to shield her from the bullets with his body. While the men were aiming at him—he shook his cane at them so furiously that they lost nerve, and only succeeded in wounding a footman. "I actually seemed to frighten the fellows," he laughingly said afterwards.

His queen, a sister of the Tsar, is the only admiral in the world who wears petticoats. She received this singular distinction from her imperial brother.

### THE WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

King George will arrive at Portsmouth about 1.40 to-day on the Victoria and Albert, and will be welcomed by Prince Arthur of Connaught. He is expected at Windsor Castle just before four.

This week's programme includes a state banquet at Windsor—luncheon at the Guildhall on Wednesday; a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Garrick Theatre company at Windsor Castle on Thursday; a state concert on Friday; and a performance of "The Widow Woo" by the Haymarket Company on Saturday.

### BLESSING THE PRINCESS.

**Indian Women's Triple Ceremony of Homage to the Royal Visitor.**

**BOMBAY, Sunday.**—The Prince and Princess of Wales spent a restful Sunday. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses went for a drive in a motor-car, and in the evening attended divine service at the cathedral.—Reuter.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had another splendid reception at Bombay on Saturday, when the Heir-Apparent laid the foundation-stone of a new museum.

The most interesting ceremony of the day, however, was the purdash at the town hall—a ceremony provided by the ladies of Bombay for the Princess. At this no male was allowed to be present.

Her Royal Highness (says Reuter's special correspondent) passed over carpetings of pure gold to the throne, from which, amid a scene of great splendour, she received ladies of the Parsee, Hindu, and Mohammedan persuasions.

By the first she was blessed by egg and coconut, typifying diversion of evil and accumulation of good; and rice, symbolic of plenty, was scattered over her.

The Hindus presented the Princess with red powder wherewith she could make the caste marks, and then the Mohammedans garlanded her and showered upon her gold and silver-leaved almonds.

## THE DAILY MIRROR.

### PANIC OF THE JEWS.

**Thousands Flying from Russia in Dread of Renewed Massacres.**

The Jews in Russia are panic-stricken at the series of ghastly anti-Semitic riots which have occurred, and are now flying from the country in thousands. To add to their terror rumours persistently asserts that wholesale massacres of an even more terrible nature have been planned.

How appalling the massacres have already been becomes more and more apparent with every fresh message from the scenes of rioting. At Ekaterinovsk, to quote only one instance, during three days seventy-eight Jews were killed and 160 injured. Nearly 200 shops and 130 houses were destroyed.

The actual situation yesterday was less alarming than for weeks past, though whether the calm which now prevails is only the prelude to another terrible storm no one can say.

Kronstadt is now quiet. The machine-guns have been withdrawn from the streets, and fewer soldiers are to be seen. The most sensational incident reported yesterday was the attempt of the wife of a municipal councillor named Czerny to murder the Governor of Mohileff. Miss. Czerny obtained admission to the Governor's reception-room by assuming the name of Baroness Metendorf, and then fired two shots with a revolver, wounding him dangerously.

The town of Lobozer, in Bessarabia, has been completely destroyed by rioters. Large numbers of the inhabitants have been killed, and the rest are without shelter.

### MATINEE HAT SCENE.

**Theatre Demonstration That Caused Many Ladies to Quit the Building.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

**PARIS, Sunday.**—An extraordinary scene at the Comédie Theatre of Turin is reported by the "New York Herald."

Part of the audience made a hostile demonstration against those women in the stalls who wore "matinée" hats.

During a din of whistling many of the offending sentries were finally removed, but rather than obey the request several women left the theatre. In future protests against women who wear the enormous hats of present-day fashion will be general.

### PREMIER'S FRIENDSHIP.

**Mr. Balfour Charmingly Recalls His Former Relations with Lord Londonderry.**

In declaring open on Saturday a new dock at Seaford Harbour, a great enterprise carried out under the guidance of Lord Londonderry, the Prime Minister spoke in a charming fusion of the old friendship between the Marquis and himself.

"This friendship," he said, "had its roots in matters far apart from politics, but was augmented by the close political and official connection which began between us when I was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and I was his chief secretary, in times of great difficulty and great anxiety."

"It is not likely that either he or I will forget the common anxieties and the common task which we then went through together; and time, I am convinced, will never efface the memories of the past, but will rather strengthen from day to day the sentiments between us which were then engendered."

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Over half a million books, valued at £80,000, have been destroyed by fire at Messrs. Fayard's well-known establishment in Paris.

Mr. Harrison Weir had an easier day yesterday, after passing a quiet night. No change has taken place in the condition of Lord Brampton.

Three of t' e' crew, besides the captain, have been lost in the wreck of the Norwegian schooner Salvon on the rocks at Slains, near Aberdeen.

Friends of Mrs. Arthur Paget, the well-known society leader, will be gratified to learn that there are signs that her broken thigh-bone is knitting.

England has obtained satisfaction from the Porte with regard to the delimitation of the Aden-Hinterland boundary, but the Aden railway question is yet to be settled.—Exchange.

At the conclusion of the swearing-in of recruits at Potsdam at noon yesterday, the Kaiser called for cheers for the King of Spain, who was present, and was enthusiastically greeted.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—Variable gusts, sometimes changeable; rainy to fine periods, becoming very changeable.

Lighting-up time, 5.12 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate.

### THE QUEEN'S

### GENEROUS GIFT.

**Royal Fund for the Unemployed Opened with £2,000.**

### APPEAL TO THE NATION.

I appeal to all charitably-disposed people in the Empire, both men and women, to assist me in alleviating the suffering of the poor starving unemployed during this winter. For this purpose I head the list with £2,000. All contributions to be sent to Earl de Grey, treasurer.

ALEXANDRA.

This truly royal message on behalf of the unemployed may be taken as the Queen's response to the plea of the women who appealed to Mr. Balfour.

The Prime Minister himself in effect told the delegation that officially he could do nothing. He was better than his word, for on Thursday last, at the Guildhall banquet, he pleaded that the benevolent should aid the workless.

But while the opening of a Mansion House fund was being discussed, our Queen, not waiting for any official action, wrote this letter to Earl de Grey, treasurer of her household.

### TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Interviewed yesterday, the Earl said he could give no information about the Queen's intentions, as he knew nothing beyond what was conveyed in the letter reproduced above, which he received on Saturday.

"I had no inkling of the Queen's intention," he said. "Her Majesty wrote to me on Saturday enclosing her appeal and directing me to publish it, and, of course, I did so immediately."

"But whether the Queen intended to create a separate fund or to assist the movement which has been, or is being, inaugurated in the City, I cannot say."

"It is sufficient for the moment that the Queen, acting upon the impulse of a heart that always beats in sympathy with poverty and suffering, has determined to do what she can to enlist the sympathy of the charitable, and has given them a noble lead."

Earl de Grey added that he had asked for an interview to-day, and in the meantime that as the Queen had said, subscriptions were to be sent to him they should be addressed to Buckingham Palace.

### DELIGHT IN THE EAST END.

The Lord Mayor, interviewed yesterday, said he had no knowledge of what was intended by her Majesty. A Mansion House Fund had not been opened. Following Mr. A. J. Balfour's appeal he had received a letter from Mr. G. Balfour, as President of the Local Government Board, asking him to place a room at the disposal of a committee who desired to meet and discuss the question. The room he had offered had been rejected.

But if the Queen's Fund was to be a separate affair he did not see how that meeting could decide to set up a scheme which might have the appearance of being of a competitive character.

Among the workers for the unemployed in the East End the Queen's appeal and magnificent gift have been received with delight.

"The news is, indeed, very welcome," said Mr. Crooks, "and one hopes that now that her Majesty has, with that tact and kindly feeling which has always characterised her, headed the list, people in high places will follow her example."

Though the Queen's gracious gift and appeal is without parallel, her Majesty has previously shown her sympathy with the poor by her reception of General Booth and the Rev. Mr. Carile, and her gifts to the labour yards.

There can be little doubt that her Majesty, who was informed of all the particulars of the appeal of the delegation to Mr. Balfour, has been moved by her sympathy with the sufferings of the poor to take such an active part in alleviating them.

### MR. BRODRICK'S CHALLENGE.

Under "proper safeguards and conditions," Mr. W. Hamshere, a working man of Chilworth, near Guildford, has accepted the challenge made by Mr. Brodrick that he would pay the expenses of any Englishman who would do work in the South African mines similar to that done by Chinese.

"I am not going to work in company with Chinese criminals," he states, "nor shall I work for a shilling a day. I shall want at least the wages paid before the war."

### SIX POWERS MOVE ON TURKEY.

**PARIS, Sunday.**—The "Echo de Paris" states that the arrangement of a naval demonstration against Turkey is now official, and that it will probably take place on the coasts of Asia Minor.

The fleet of the six Powers—France, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary—will be placed under the direction of a council composed of the admirals commanding each squadron.—Reuter.

## INTERVIEW WITH A REVOLUTIONARY.

Refugee from St. Petersburg Talks  
with an Uncrowned King.

## GENERAL RISING PLANNED

I am able to assert that about the middle of December, near the 15th, there will be a general rising throughout Russia. Nothing on earth save the wishes of the revolutionary committee can stop this. But, if in the opinion of the president that time is not ripe, the rising will be deferred until the middle of January. But come it must, and within six months the Russian autocracy will be at an end for ever.

These remarkable words of prophecy are the concluding sentences of a remarkable communication which the *Daily Mirror* has received from a correspondent who has just escaped from St. Petersburg on board the boat which bore the financiers who had been summoned to Russia by the Tsar. We are able to vouch for the unimpeachable good faith of our informant, whose name and credentials are in our possession. He writes:—

It was the night of the 30th of October. "You will," said my friend, who holds an important political post in Russia, "be wise to get out of St. Petersburg as soon as possible."

I went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, which was under police supervision. The financiers who had come to Russia at the request of the Tsar to negotiate a new loan were stopping at the Hotel d'Europe. There were twenty-three representatives of the world's greatest bankers, including members of the firms of J. P. Morgan, Seligman, and Mandelsohn.

### Hidden Stores of Arms.

At dinner we all naturally talked of the one topic which is uppermost in every Russian's mind to-day—the revolution.

"It is a mistake for anybody to assume," said my friend, "that this outbreak is just a sudden rising by a people who have reached the limit of human endurance. It is nothing of the sort. The great general rising is still to come. There is scarcely a town or village of any size which has not its hidden store of arms and ammunition in the charge of a capable local committee. At the right moment these arms will be distributed to volunteers, already drilled and eager to bear them, and on that day there is only one man in the world who can control that immense army. The Tsar, his misguided advisers, and Trepoff will be helpless."

"I am going," he said, "to show you the supreme revolutionary committee and the man who is the practical ruler of Russia to-day."

We passed in through a closely-guarded door. Inside my friend spoke a few words to a dark, keen-eyed man, and we were permitted to ascend the stairs.

### Half Measures No Good.

A door was thrown open and we entered a great room. Round a large table some forty men of all grades, some wearing the sheepskin of the workers and others the furs of the aristocrats, were gathered, all intent upon a man who sat at the head of the table.

He was a pale, quiet-looking man, about forty years of age, I should judge. He had the appearance of a professor, for he peered short-sightedly through a pair of spectacles. He was bald, and wore a little, dark, struggling moustache.

"That man," whispered my friend, "is the president of the revolutionary committee. He is the man who will give Russia freedom."

We passed up the room and I was presented to him. He turned to me courteously, and for a minute or two we spoke of Russia's trouble. "The only way," he said, in a quiet, pleasant voice, "for this to end is for us to take the reins in our own hands. Half measures are no good now. The time is past for that. But this is not the last struggle I think. We must repeat it once or twice more, each time in a severer degree. Our aim is to get a real Constitution for Russia; we do not want a Republic."

### Count Witte Not Trusted.

On November 1, I was advised to leave St. Petersburg. It was impossible to travel by train, for there is none for ordinary purposes.

After some hours of difficult negotiation the Finland Steamship Company's vessel, the ss. Oihonna, was chartered, and the financiers, after some delay, left the Neva for Stockholm, where they arrived on November 2. There the bankers were safely landed, and departed for Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, and New York.

Russia can only emerge triumphant from the present ordeal by one method. Let the Tsar form a Government with the assistance of the able men, many of whom rank high in the social scale, who form the revolutionary committee. Then, and not till then, the country will be pacified.

Count Witte is somewhat better and more liberal-minded than his predecessors, but he is neither liked nor trusted. He is known to be an ambitious man, carrying favour from his master and disregarding the good of the people. He will not remain long as Premier.

## PINCH OF THE SHOE.

Bootsellers Will Cease to Deceive Buyers,  
and Frankly Raise Prices.

In the majority of London boot and shoe shops this week notices will be put up of a general advance of prices.

The Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers recommends that an advance of from 5 to 10 per cent should immediately take place.

"The price of leather," explained a manufacturer to the *Daily Mirror*, "has gone up 15 per cent. in the last three years, and 12 per cent. during the last twelve months. The trade has been feeling 'where the shoe pinches' for many months, and to a limited extent the public have suffered."

"It has not been possible to supply so good a boot for the same price as formerly. A man who has regularly paid 16s. 6d. for boots, for instance, has, during the last two years, been getting pairs that would previously have cost him 15s. But it is impossible any longer to continue this policy of depreciation."

"The result of the memorandum will be an immediate rise of about 2s. in the £1. To the better-class bootshopper this will not be a serious matter. It is the shopkeeper in the poorer districts who will suffer."

So great is the poverty among the working classes just now that an increase of one shilling in the price of a pair of boots will, to many, mean all the difference between going about well-shod or with boots falling to pieces.

How prices have risen the following incident shows. A parcel of tanned East India sheepskins bought by a London firm was refused because it was not quite up to the quality of the sample. The impostor who had sold the skins accordingly put them up for auction in the London market last week, and made £600 more than he would have done had the first sale been accepted.

## NEW APPENDICITIS CURE.

Scientist Claims To Have Robbed the Disease  
of Half Its Terrors.

Victims of appendicitis need have no fear of the surgeon's knife if the discovery of Dr. Moosbrugger, a German scientist, of Leutkirch, does all that he claims for it.

He has found a solution called "collangol"—a form of pure silver, soluble in water—by the external application of which an operation is dispensed with.

Of seventy-two cases which came under his treatment all but two were cured without recourse to the knife. The exceptions were both very severe attacks.

Dr. Moosbrugger claims that every case of appendicitis, if promptly diagnosed, be it ever so acute and malignant, can be cured with collangol.

## LONDON'S NEW MAYORS.

Notes About the Men Whom the Borough  
Councils Have Honoured.

Some portraits of London's new mayors, in continuation of the series begun on Saturday, will be found on page II.

Alderman E. Pascoe Williams, the Progressive mayor of Greenwich, has resided in the borough for about twenty-two years. He is a director in the firm of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, manufacturers of fire appliances.

Before being appointed Mayor of Poplar, Mr. J. Z. Cahill, who is a Moderate, had already filled many municipal offices in the borough and acted as vice-chairman of the guardians.

Born in Deptford, Mr. John Peppercorn has thoroughly qualified himself for the mayoral chair, although he has not been a member of the borough council. He sat for Greenwich in the London County Council as a Progressive.

Councillor J. George, chosen by the Camberwell Borough Council as chief, is well known in the district, having been in business there for some thirty years, and connected with municipal work for twenty. He is a Progressive.

Ten years' active participation in municipal work at St. Pancras has earned for Mr. G. Hickling, a Progressive, promotion to the mayoral chair.

Mr. H. Robson, the new head of the Kensington Council, is a Progressive, and Liberal candidate for Dundee. A Glasgow man, he has succeeded on the Stock Exchange, and has had his home for about thirty-six years in London.

## NELSON STATUE'S FRACTURED ARM.

The arm of the Nelson statue—of course, the only one—has been fractured.

Instructions have been given for the fracture, which is not of an alarming nature, to be mended; and for a thorough renovation of the column and statue to take place.

King Edward has approved the appointment of the Marquis of Hertford to the Lieutenantcy of the County of Warwick, in succession to the late Lord Leigh.

## MORE L.C.C. MILLIONS.

Huge Electrical Experiment with  
Ratepayers' Money.

## COMMITTEE'S WARNING.

Millions more are about to be demanded by the London County Council from the helpless ratepayers, under a scheme that will be considered at the meeting of the Council to-morrow.

It is with the supply of electrical energy in London and the surrounding districts that the Council is asked to experiment this time.

But even the Council, whose touching faith in its administrative ability no exposure seems to shake, must pause on hearing the emphatic warning given by the Finance Committee in regard to this scheme.

In the first instance, estimates the Finance Committee, no less than £3,000,000 will be required for a large generating station with mains and subsidiary works.

### Two Pertinent Questions.

This raises two questions: Are there reasonable grounds for thinking that the enterprise will be self-supporting, and can the capital required be raised without affecting the credit of the Council?

To the first the committee return a guarded reply. They consider it, to say the least, doubtful, and advise that, until some information is to the amount of support expected be forthcoming, it is "undesirable" that the Council commit itself.

With regard to the second question, the committee point out that the Council, if it were to force larger amounts on the market than the investing public would readily absorb, would inevitably have to content with a lower price for its issues, and the effect would speedily be detrimental.

In view of the enormous outlays already decided on, and apart from the risk that the "uncertain character" of the scheme involves, the committee think the Council should seek a solution of the problem that would not involve the raising of large sums in the future.

### Steamboat Fiasco.

As for the Thames steamboat problem, it becomes every day more patent that London County Council extravagance has here achieved a scandalous fiasco.

Four of the London County Council steamers were stopped for the winter on Saturday. Their captains and crews were discharged, but were told that on the resumption of the full service in the spring they would be required again.

This action by the London County Council is, of course, in accordance with the decision made at last Tuesday's meeting to try a reduced service for one month.

On Saturday—a typical November day of leaden skies and frequent rain—the steamers were practically deserted. One boat brought only four passengers from Westminster to London Bridge.

Ratepayers will be interested to hear of a fresh instance of County Council extravagance.

During the summer the expenses in connection with the staff at Greenwich Pier have amounted to about £34 weekly. Before the L.C.C. took over the pier the expenses were only £12 weekly, although passenger steamers of the General Steam Navigation Company, the Thames Steamboat Company, and other lines used the pier.

## RATES THAT SPELL RUIN.

More Paupers To Maintain and Children To Educate in the Poorer Districts.

How heavily the burden of the rates presses on London's poorer districts is shown by figures just issued by the Southwark Borough Council.

The contrast between the rich and poor districts is seen in the following table:—

POOR DISTRICTS.	s. d.	RICH DISTRICTS.	s. d.
Bermondsey .....	4 8	Marylebone .....	5 0
Bethnal Green .....	4 2	Paddington .....	3 24 to 4 1
Stepney .....	3 10 to 12	Kensington .....	3 24
Battersea .....	4 9	Hampstead .....	3 7
Bethnal Green .....	4 0	Chester .....	3 6
Deptford .....	4 0	Westminster .....	2 11 to 3 8

"With every winter," said a Poplar guardian to the *Daily Mirror*, "the problem of the rates becomes more pressing."

"While so much sympathy is being extended to the unemployed, it would be well to remember the retailers in working-class districts. Hundreds are being ruined."

"It is their custom to give weekly credit, without which they would do little trade. But they cannot extort high prices to compensate for this. The bad debts they make are a dead loss."

### WORKMEN RESCUE A LITTLE PRINCESS.

Two working men have had the privilege of rescuing a little princess in distress near Sandringham.

Hunting for a terrier which had accompanied her on a cycle spin and was lost, Little Princess Mary was caught fast in a bramble-thicket, and was unable to get out until two working men passing espied her and lifted her out.

## LADIES TO SCRUB.

Vicar Makes a Quaint Proposition to His Congregation.

Apparently to shame the congregation of St. Bartholomew's, Stamford Hill, into giving more to the church, the vicar, the Rev. W. Goddard, is going to act as a stoker.

He and the churchwarden are concerned that they should be "sweating" the verger and his wife, who, for £2s. a week, have a multiplicity of duties to perform. Even with this "sweating system," he says in the "Church Messenger," the services amount to £310s. a week, while the offerings on Sunday often amount to only about £110s.

"So," he announces, "I will do the stoking and set free the verger to earn a living wage. This I will gladly do if the congregation will excuse my grubby hands when I celebrate the Holy Eucharist and say the daily offices."

"I must plead that the ladies of the congregation take it in turns to do the scrubbing, and the gentlemen the pumping. If we can do this, we might save about 10s. a week in our expenses."

"This labour," he concludes caustically, "will be far more acceptable to God than the halfpennies placed in the offertory bags, while those who pass the bag service after service might perhaps be induced to dust their own chairs and wipe their own feet."

## GERMAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

A Drama by Bjornsen at the Great Queen-street Theatre.

At the Great Queen-street Theatre on Saturday Björnson's drama entitled "A Bankruptcy" was admirably acted in German.

The play is strongly written. Tjälde, the proud and once prosperous timber merchant, has been caught by the tide of ruin, and in order to stem it is induced to issue a false balance-sheet. But his fraud is discovered, and he finds himself apparently lost.

The situation is tragic. Tjälde has gained much and lost much; his friends, whom he had helped, though he has ruined; he himself must have frozen the faith which his own family had placed in him. He contemplates suicide, then flight; but forgets to seek salvation in the few things left him—in his wife's love, the devotion of his daughter, or the help of the friends who remain. Secretly these springs of life well up around him, and enable him to start a new life; and in the last act we are given a glimpse of the humbled man patiently working out his salvation.

## "LUCKY MISS DEAN."

Amusing Little Play Successfully Revived at the Haymarket.

Everyone remarked at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday that Mr. Charles Hawtrey's long stay in America has made him fatter. Fortunately, it seems to have made him funner as well.

He plays the poor but dishonest artist in Mr. Bowkett's "Lucky Miss Dean" very amusingly indeed. The ingenious little play, which was seen for a few weeks at the Criterion in the summer, goes capitally, and is none the worse for having been relieved of a few "risky" lines.

Miss Jessie Bateman is prettily flustered as the artist's wife, who (for purposes of advertisement) is supposed to have come into a fortune, and, thereupon, not only has her allowance from an uncle and stopped, but finds her flat besieged by unwelcome visitors.

Mr. Dennis Edie gets a great effect out of one of these suitor's peculiarities, and Miss Kate Sejeant is good as the aunt. Altogether a most attractive little piece.

## SANDBAGGED IN THE CITY.

Savage Attack on a Young Clerk in a Dark Entry—Bag of Money Stolen.

A reward of £25 is offered by Messrs. Ede, Allom, and Townsend, printers and engravers, of Southwark Bridge-buildings, for information leading to the arrest of those who assaulted one of their clerks and robbed him of a bag containing £124 for wages.

He had to make a call in Newgate-street, and while walking along a dark passage was rendered unconscious by a blow from a sandbag.

He was conveyed to St. Bartholomew's, where he was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain. His bag had disappeared.

## CREW DROWNED OR MURDERED.

No trace of the crew of between thirty and forty men of the Claverdale, lost on a voyage from Hong Kong to Vladivostok, has been found by the expedition which visited the plundered wreck on the coast to the south of the Russian port.

It is supposed that the men were drowned or murdered by the natives.

## BISHOP ON FAITH HEALING.

Dr. Ingram Gives a Remarkable Case from His Own Experience.

"There is certainly in one's inmost being the power to get well," said the Bishop of London in introducing a speaker on "Christian Science" to a meeting of women at Church House on Saturday.

"When visiting the sick you should try to influence and strengthen that inmost being. But to hold the extreme beliefs held by Christian scientists is to magnify a great truth into a gigantic heresy."

In illustration the Bishop related a true incident which had come under his notice. The wife of one of his clergymen was recently faced with the appalling prospect of having within two days to undergo an operation which might cost her her life.

When he (the Bishop) called upon her he found her in a state of moral collapse; partly owing to fear and partly to other causes her faith and hope were entirely gone, and the physicians and surgeons recognised that it would be impossible for the operation to be performed while she was in that state.

### When Courage Dies Down.

He would pass over the sacred half-hour that he spent with her; but it was a fact that two days later she walked from her room to the operating table without a quiver.

The surgeon exclaimed: "What has the Bishop of London done to you?" She replied in simple, straightforward words, "Something which none of you could have done."

To her inmost being, where the faith and the hope and the courage had died down and crumbled, with God's help alone, he had brought that reinvigoration of her central being which she needed, and the effect of bringing the power of God to her central being brought back again her faith, her hope, and her courage, and she became again a Christian woman who could look death and trial in the face. She did clearly owe her cure directly to the power of Christ himself.

### Duty of the Clergy.

The clergy ought to approach the bedside of the sick with far more faith; they ought to pray for the recovery and lay hands on them with far more expectancy that they would recover; in doing their sick visiting they ought to look with far more hope for the recovery of the patient and not look alone to the preparation of the soul for death.

In concluding the meeting the Bishop made a somewhat startling appeal. He entreated those amongst his audience who had the gift of healing never to attempt to exercise it apart from the medical profession. A doctor's visit was as sacred as the clergyman's, but while recognising this they might take care that the doctor on his side did not exclude the clergyman.

## BLIND RECTOR SENTENCED.

Judge Holds Dead Wife Partly To Blame for Husband's Downfall.

The Rev. W. McGowan, the blind rector of Newenden, Essex, was sentenced at the Chelmsford Assizes on Saturday to six months' hard labour on a charge of grave misconduct, to which he pleaded guilty.

Under somewhat sensational circumstances, McGowan's young wife recently committed suicide. She had conceived a romantic fondness for a lady friend, and had greatly worried herself over the latter's ill-health. Mrs. McGowan and her friend died within a day or two of each other.

Mr. Justice Grantham, passing sentence, said the extreme friendship McGowan's wife had for another lady, and the fact that she died almost simultaneously, was something to be said in extenuation. If his wife had been more attentive to him than to her female friend she might have saved him.

## PAUPER CLAIMS PEER'S ESTATES.

A second claim to the estates of Lord Howe at Storrington (Sussex) and to £50,000 in Chancery, is to be made by Henry Ayling, alias Marshall, an inmate of the Windsor Workhouse.

A few years ago he ineffectually spent £1,000, advanced him by a Windsor alderman, to support his claim, but is confident that on this occasion he will succeed.

## GUARDIAN'S SLAPPED FACE.

An unusual application was made to the Thame Police Court magistrate on Saturday when Mr. Diamond, a Poplar guardian, asked for a summons for assault against a lady colleague, who, he said, had smacked his face twice at committee meetings.

The magistrate granted the summons, but told him that if he could not prove his charge he might have to pay costs.

Claims for compensation to a very considerable amount have piled into the town clerk's office from independent householders as a consequence of last week's "rags" at Cambridge.

## MURDER TO ADVERTISE A BOOK.

Mr. Terry, Who Shot a Chinaman in New Zealand, Ceases To Be Partner of a London Firm.

## HIS CAREER OF ADVENTURE.

MESSRS. TERRY AND CO., Estate Agents and Mortgage Brokers of 29, Glasshouse-street, Whitechapel, give notice that they have this day admitted into PARTNERSHIP Mr. CECIL FRANK TERRY, in consequence of the termination of the partnership as regards Mr. Edward Lionel Terry by effusion of time.

For the many people who saw the above advertisement in Saturday's "Times" could have guessed that the Edward Lionel Terry mentioned in it was the young author who is now awaiting his trial in New Zealand on the charge of shooting an aged Chinaman in order to advertise a book.

Yet so it is. The fine-looking man who walked into Wellington police station a few weeks ago and confessed that he had murdered a Chinaman so that the "Yellow Peril," referred to in his book, "The Shadow," might receive greater attention, is the son of a West End house-agent.

Edward Lionel Terry will be tried for his life next week.

He would pass over the sacred half-hour that he spent with her; but it was a fact that two days later she walked from her room to the operating table without a quiver.

The surgeon exclaimed: "What has the Bishop of London done to you?" She replied in simple, straightforward words, "Something which none of you could have done."

To her inmost being, where the faith and the hope and the courage had died down and crumbled, with God's help alone, he had brought that reinvigoration of her central being which she needed, and the effect of bringing the power of God to her central being brought back again her faith, her hope, and her courage, and she became again a Christian woman who could look death and trial in the face. She did clearly owe her cure directly to the power of Christ himself.

**The Will of Napoleon.**

"Sir Hubert Jerningham was among those who have remarked upon my likeness to Napoleon," Mr. Terry told the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday,

"and now the inflexible will of the conqueror of Europe has been reproduced in my son."

"I never knew him to turn aside from any course he started upon. Popular as he was, no one could bend or break his will. He would have his own way."

The man who dared to risk his life in calling attention to the Yellow Peril was born at Sandwich, where his father was engaged in the attempt to introduce into England such farming industries as the growing of the sugar beet and the flax plant.

After enlisting on his side such men as Lord Granville, however, Mr. Terry relinquished his schemes in disgust and came to London and took up his residence in Great Portland-street.

His son Lionel, one of eleven children, was sent to school at Merton College, Wimbledon, where, under M. de Chastellaine, he became a boy who, to use his father's words, "could do anything."

At seventeen he entered the City offices of the West Indian Gold Mining Company, in order that he might learn business methods and join his father, who had opened an estate agency in Pall Mall. But the love of an active life was in him, and at twenty-one he enlisted in a line regiment without his father's knowledge.

**Soldier and Artist Too.**

He was afterwards transferred into the "Blues," where he increased his great popularity by the use of the considerable artistic powers with which he was endowed.

Defying the rules, he covered the walls of the Windsor barrack-rooms with drawings. The chaplain of the regiment, indeed, was so pleased with a caricature of himself that he cut out the plaster on which it was drawn and had it framed.

Lionel Terry had done two or three years of soldiering when his father bought him out, took him into partnership, and tried to induce him to settle down to business.

But the blood of the rover was in his veins. "I can't stay in London, father," he said. "I can't breathe here."

So it was that, ten years ago, he went to South Africa, joined the Mounted Police, and served in the Matabele war. During this time he managed to take part in fifteen engagements, get wounded twice, and make an intimate friend of Cecil Rhodes, who thought very highly of him.

Then he returned to London and tried once more to settle down to the humdrum life of the City. For two years he wore a tall hat, but then he threw it away and went roving again.

**A World-Wanderer.**

Germany was first visited, but he soon sailed for Dominica, where he spent weeks in exploring the almost unknown interior. He then presented the island with a large map of the unknown region, and was offered a medal as an acknowledgment of official thanks. "I am not collecting such silly babbles at present," he wrote his father.

New York, Honolulu, and British Columbia were then visited. In the latter place he became the secretary of the Miners' Protection Union, and first showed his anti-Chinaman bias.

In a letter sent to the "Vancouver Free Press" in January, 1901, he declared that the lack of employ-

## EARL AND COUNTESS AGREE.

It was announced in court on Saturday that an arrangement had been arrived at between the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, whose affairs have been the subject of litigation in the High Court for the past three or four days.

ment was due to the unscrupulous actions and inordinate greed of the Premier of British Columbia, who would conceal beneath his much-vaunted anti-Mongolian mask a despicable scheme to force, by means of poverty and starvation, the men on whom future generations of Canada depend to accept Chinamen's wages."

Then he went to Australasia, and earned his bread by mining and farming and prospecting for gold. He spent months in walking, tramping across the country in the attempt to study the political and economic situation.

### The Hated Chinaman.

His first book, "God Is Gold," was the next expression of his fear that the prospects of New Zealand were being undermined by the advent of the Chinaman. He wrote and lectured and argued, but almost all in vain.

Vandalism, too—"the destruction of the natural beauty of the country for the sake of a very doubtful utilitarianism"—was another of the windmills against which he levelled his argumentative lance.

Then his book, "The Shadow," was published at his own expense, and illustrated by his own hand.

But the book did not sell as he thought it would. People were too busily engaged in making money to care about the Chinaman.

"I am going to make a name for myself," he wrote to his father, "but I don't want you to appear connected with me, for it may harm you."

Then, it is alleged, he walked into one of the main streets of Wellington, shot a Chinaman who was too old to care much about his life, and returning to his hotel, wrote to Lord Plunkett, the Governor, that he had committed murder "to bring the alien question before the public eye," and gave himself up.

Whatever the result of his trial may be, the fact will remain that Lionel Terry is a clever man, who had the courage of his convictions.

## THE BOOK THAT COST A LIFE.

Mr. Terry's verse-book, "The Shadow," is remarkable in more ways than one. It has the abounding vigour likely to be found in the outpourings of an ardent and not too balanced nature on a subject long passionately brooded over.

It exhibits, also, the slips in literary art bound to be made by a writer who, with no previous literary training, attempts the poetical expression of a great theme.

Mr. Terry's inspiration has been the incalculable evils—he and he alone—believes to have been entailed in the true interests of the British Empire by the introduction of the yellow races into our Colonies, and especially by the employment of yellow labour in the African gold mines.

His pamphlet falls into four divisions. It opens with a really fine bit of verse entitled "The Prayer," which runs as follows:—

When the great Gold God, advancing, shall inherit all the earth,  
When our Country shall be governed by the slave,  
When love and truth and honour shall be strangled at their birth,  
And the noblest shall have won the felon's grave.

When our land shall be polluted by the outcast of the earth,  
When corruption rages rampant at its root,  
When our leaders shun their duty for the halls of recklessness,  
And blended blood shall bear its shameful fruit.

When our land shall seek defenders midst an alien host,  
And shall writhen beneath a scourge of civil strife;  
When a mighty hybrid nation shall have won the wage of sin,  
Spare us, O God, the bitter curse of life!

The prose "Introduction" which precedes the poem of "The Shadow" does not err on the side of moderation of statement, but it is more calmly expressed, and therefore a more valuable contribution to the subject under discussion. The hub of the matter is touched in such sentences as this:—

"That the employment of alien labour in British industrial and commercial enterprises represents a criminal injustice to the British workman, who is forced thereby into a competition for existence with an opponent whose cheap and low methods secure for him an overwhelming advantage."

Mr. Terry is in his right when he speaks with bitter indignation of the locked-out British workmen who were kept on the verge of starvation throughout a whole Canadian winter in order to compel them to work for Chinaman's wages.

He quotes several similar instances of injustice and greed on the part of Colonial capitalists.

Photographs will be found on page 9.

## "ALL BLACKS" WIN.

New Zealanders Score Against Richmond Their Eighteenth Success.

### SPECIAL BY TOUCH JUDGE.

The game between the New Zealanders and Richmond on Saturday ended just as the man in the street would have predicted—another New Zealand victory. The New Zealanders did not achieve a notable triumph at Richmond, but gained a comfortable win by a goal and four tries to nothing. Just an ordinary kind of win for them, and their eighteenth of the tour.

On Saturday the Colonials rested several of their best players—Roberts, Gillett, McGregor, and Smith, of the back division, and Cunningham, Seeling, and Sullivan, of the forwards, all standing down. They could afford to put an A team into the field. The Richmond fifteen had done nothing this season to suggest they were a dangerous side.

### Richmond's Vigorous Scrummaging.

Richmond have a capital pack of forwards, and they rendered an excellent account of themselves. For half an hour they scrummaged splendidly, and by their vigorous methods prevented the New Zealand forwards from exercising any particular control over the ball. Directly their advantage in that respect disappeared, Richmond were a lost side.

Once the New Zealand front rank were able to play into the hands of their backs, the issue was not long in doubt. Their superior speed, ingenuity, and cleverness told the inevitable tale—as it always had told. Directly their chances came along the Colonial backs snapped them up. The field seemed alive with the New Zealand backs, who ran, passed, and altered their tactics with that rapidity which has been the bewilderment of their opponents.

Richmond were quickly thrown in a disorganised state, and the versatile Hunter—a veritable Artful Dodger—who this time was performing at half-back in the absence of Roberts, promptly wormed his way through the defence.

### Hunter's Smart Tactics.

Five minutes later in the second half the Colonials came out, threw out to the wing three-quarter, who had no difficulty in eluding Glover, the Richmond full-back, and at half-time New Zealand were six points to the good.

Forcing the pace in the second half the Colonials came all before them in the following twenty minutes, adding three more tries. Seeling outpaced the opposition in a race for the ball, Deans after a clever kick-up dashed through like a flash, and Wallace raced by on the outside.

The Richmond halves and three-quarters tackled and kicked well, but their best work was of the negative kind. They repelled several dangerous attacks, but did not convey the impression of being able to score themselves.

## MR. P. F. WARNER'S PROPHECY.

South Africa Will Send a Cricket Eleven as Strong as Australia's.

It was a merry party that gathered at Waterloo Station on Saturday to bid farewell to the Melbourne Cricket Club's team for South Africa.

Mr. P. F. Warner captains the team, the other members of which are:—Messrs. H. D. G. Leverton-Gower, F. L. Fane, J. N. Crawford, J. C. Hartley, L. J. Moon, Captain Wynyard, Blythe, Board, Haigh, Hayes, Relf, Lees, and Denton. It is a thoroughly sound eleven, but not, of course, as Mr. Warner pointed out to the *Daily Mirror*, a really representative one.

"We hope to win," he said, "but I am sorry the M.C.C. could not see their way to send out an eleven thoroughly representative of England's strength."

"It would have encouraged the South Africans, and would probably have assisted the time when they will be able to send us a team at least as good as the Australians." And that, in any case, let me tell you, will be in the course of a very few years."

## BUSINESS WITH NO BOOKS.

A sum of £4,000 is said, by the prosecution, to be involved in a charge of "conspiracy" brought at the Tower Bridge Police Court on Saturday against William Davenport, fifty-four, ship-owner, of 147, Stamford-street, and Vyvyan Henry Moyle, seventy-one, described as a clergyman, whose address was refused. A remand was ordered.

The allegations are associated with the "South and South-West Coast Steam Trawling Fishing Syndicate." Money collected for the concern was recovered in no books.

Bishop Thornton, assistant Bishop of Manchester, has informed the Blackburn Rural Deanery that the Bishop of Manchester is opposed to churchmen meeting for Church reform. He differed from that view as he feels that he cannot defend the Church without admitting defects.

## THE MONEY MARKET.

Excellent Tone in Home Railways  
Excites Attention.

## PARIS SELLS KAFFIRS.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—Stock markets naturally had very little to interest them to-day; for the simple reason that it was the last day of the general account, and with the carry-over on Monday, it was natural that business should be at a low ebb. Still, the tone was not bad, and, barring accidents, it looks like another good week with the new account. The manner in which the *clubs* have resisted the adverse political and money influences during this long nineteen-day account has been very noteworthy.

A cause for congratulation is the knowledge that the banks are only going to charge about 4½ per cent., or less, for Stock Exchange loans on Monday. This is a considerable reduction as compared with last time, and should do much to put heart into the markets.

The improvement would thus be justified on money as well as other considerations. Consols to-day were steady at 88½, and the repayment took place of £500,000 of Liverpool bills.

## WALL STREET INVASION.

There was a better tendency for the American market on the idea that the position is oversold on Wall Street, and the money news is not so bad as has been made out. Argentina was a little inclined to sell, but that did not affect markets much. A novel feature was the opening by a Wall Street firm of two offices in London, one in the City, the other in the West End.

A good Canadian Pacific traffic helped the shares of the road, but perhaps Canadian Rails as a whole were rather better. There was talk of locos in some of the North Argentine provinces, and this was thought likely to affect the young man's tone for Argentine Rails was just a little dull. But the Foreign Railway group as a whole was fairly firm, with more inquiry for Leopoldinas again.

But once more it is the Home Railway section which has monopolised attention. After all the activity of the past weeks, here is a satisfactory point that on the eve of the carry-over Home Rals showed a remarkably good undertone. The reason is, of course, that there has been such a lot of investment buying.

## THE "DUKERIES" ROUTE.

Perhaps the Heavy group was a little off colour, but it was difficult to find a bad spot anywhere. A good deal of interest, of course, was taken in the statement that the Great Central was acquiring the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast.

It helped the stocks of both lines, and the dealers who are very short of Great Northern Deferred seized the opportunity to bang that stock on the failure of the Great Northern to acquire the "Dukeries" route. However, the support for Great Northern Deferred was too much for them, and the market rallied at the finish.

The disquieting news from Russia keeps Russian funds dull, but perhaps the tendency of most foreigners was just a little easier. Even copper shares were down a trifle, though the greatest confidence is still expressed as to the outlook for the metal. It is thought that the Japanese railway loan will be out early next week.

## WEST AFRICAN JEWISH SYNDICATE.

Miscellaneous issues were not very exciting. Coats were dull again, and where prices moved they were generally downwards.

Further consideration of the Goldfields dividend and the Transvaal output caused Kaffirs to be rather dull, and not even the sanguine Goldfields report statements about Chinese labour helped. Paris sold Kaffirs and Glasgow sold Rhodesians, and so the Street market was heavy.

The rumour that a Jewish syndicate is to be formed in connection with West African shares kept that section better, but as a whole mines were dull, though some of the gambles, like Esperanzas and the Boston Copper group, were on the up-grade again, and there was a little sanguine talk about the Victorian deep lead group.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

General Sir John French unveiled a war memorial at Gateshead on Saturday to the men of the district who fell during the South African war.

Traffic was much disorganized by a serious landslide which occurred upon the Great Western Railway between Newport and Ebwy Vale on Saturday.

Lady Florence Dixie was laid to rest on Saturday in the private burying-ground on the Kinnoult estate, near Annan, where most of the Queensberry family lie.

Part of the communion plate, several bottles of wine, and the contents of the collection-boxes were taken by burglars from St. Mary's Church, Lewisham, on Saturday.

Miss Mary Moore, who was out of the cast of "Captain Drew on Leave" for three days last week through indisposition, will resume her original part at the New Theatre this evening.

While walking along the permanent way at King's Lynn (Norfolk) on Saturday Mr. George Smith, stationmaster, at Hardwick-road, was knocked down and instantly killed by an engine.

Miss Annette Kellermann, the Australian swimming champion who made such a gallant attempt to swim the Channel, begins an engagement at the Hippodrome to-night. She will swim in the arena, which will be flooded.

"To instruct the religious teachers of London," said the Bishop of London at "Church House, Westminster, on Saturday, "a lady theologian is about to be appointed."

Built entirely by the Northwich Young Men's Bible Class, whose members dressed every stone and laid every brick, a new institute worth at least £350 was opened at Northwich on Saturday.

The result of the Aberdeen Rectorial election was declared on Saturday as follows: Sir Frederick Treves, 390; Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., 153; Sir Frederick fought on academic and non-political grounds.

Three tramps had just sought shelter in a kiln at West Harton brickworks, near South Shields, when four hundred bricks suddenly fell on them, killing one outright and injuring another. The third man escaped unharmed.

Two men who were recently discharged from their employment at Kew Gardens for their share in the organisation of a trade union of the employees there were reinstated on Saturday by the President of the Board of Agriculture.

On a charge of attempting to murder a county court bailiff who went to his house to execute a warrant for a debt of £18, ex-Policeman Inspector Kirby was arrested at Hull on Saturday. The bailiff received a bullet through his check.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

## A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

will be held in EXETER HALL, EXETER, DORSETSHIRE, TO-MORROW (Tuesday), Nov. 14th. The Chair will be taken at 7.30 p.m. by the Rt. Hon. Lord Short Addresses will be given by a large number of well-known public men.

Reserved Seats £1 each, application (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) to Mr. Clarence Hooper, Exeter Hall, Strand.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, MR. TREE, TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.

Charles Dickens' OLIVER TWIST,  
Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr.

Eglin ..... Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

## MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, SPECIAL THURSDAY MATINEES, ON THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 16, at 2, Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR, Mardon, Mr. KELLY, Mrs. MARY.

ON THURSDAY, Nov. 30th, at 2, Ibsen's AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE, Dr. Stockmann, Mr. TREE; Mrs. Stockmann, Miss ROSINA FILIPPI.

Box Office (Mr. Watch open 10 to 10).

IMPERIAL, MR. LEWIS WALLER, NIGHT, at 8.45, MADAME BLOOM, 2.50.  
THE PERFECT LOVER, by Alfred Sutro, 8.15, a farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn, THE TEMPTATION OF SAMUEL BURGE.NEW THEATRE—CHARLES WYNTHAM, TO-NIGHT, at 9, MATINEE WED. and SAT. 3.  
CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE, by H. H. Davies, PREMIERE.

Miss MARION TERRY, Miss MARY MOORE, Preceded at 8.30, by "The American Widow."

ST. JAMES'S, MR. and MRS. KENDAL, Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander, TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, A FARCE by McFADYEN, Wood and Bearce, Horan-Maxwell.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, Manager, Thomas W. Ryley, TO-NIGHT, at 8.45, Mr. ARTHUR BOUCHIER'S COMPANY, THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Dibner. In this play Mr. HENRI DE VRIES will appear in his seven characters.

MATINEE, EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.15.

## WALDORF THEATRE, "LIGHTS OUT," Lessons, the Moors, Merchant, EVERY EVENING, 9, LIGHTS OUT, H. B. IRVING.

H. V. EDMOND, CHAS. FULTON, HENRY VIRTUE, CHARLES MILWARD, PRECOCITY, at 8.30 by LA MAIN, a Minstrel drama in One Act, PRECOCITY, PRECOCITY, PRECOCITY.

MATINEE every WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

Box Office open ten to ten. Tel. 3,850, Gerrard.

## COLISEUM, CHARING-CROSS, PROGRAMME, 3 to 5 p.m., and 9 to 11 p.m. Mrs. Bernard Beere, Madame Alice Esty, Madge Lessing, Eugene Stratton, Victoria Morris, Carl Herold, Harry Vardon, Zeddy Dot, The Samichwies, Chorus Musical Scenes, Magnificent Orchestra. Late Performances of the Grand Opera, Tannhauser.

PROGRAMME, 6 to 8 p.m. only, JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by the Week of the Hebrews, with the Samichwies, Carl Herold, Harry Vardon, Deronda and Green, Bell and Henry, Animated Pictures, Chorus Musical Scenes and Orchestra. Last Performances of the Grand Opera, Tannhauser.

COLOSSEUM, 6 to 8 p.m., and 9 to 11 p.m. (2s. to 2s. Tel. 7689 Ger.). All seats may be booked in advance.

## LONDON HIPPODROME, TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

"SAWADE, DIANE DE FONTENOY, FOUR LEGGERS, MARZELLA'S BIRDS, THE THREE SISTERS, WAGGONERS, THE COUPLE, THE TUES, POWELL'S MARIONETTES, LES POLLIS, SELMA BRAAEP, RIOGOKU FAMILY, CORTY BROS., SPRING AND SPRING, etc.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS, W., OVER 200 ACTING and Performing Animals. Daily, 1s. and 8s. Prices 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. 4159. Jumbo, 1s. to 5s. Prices 1s. to 5s. 10s. to 100s. daily.

## MACKELVYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE—DAILY, at 3 and 8. First appearance of M. Tamamoto, the Japanese Blondin, on a perpendicular rope, suspended from a Mastodons' Enclosed Cage, etc.—Prices, 1s. to 5s.

## POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W.

TO-DAY at 3, WEST END GRAND ANIMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT, DAILY, OUR NAVY, and OUR ARMY, OUR MAGNIFICENT NEW PROGRAMME. Our Navy 100 years ago and to-day. Our Army, 100 years ago and to-day. Seats 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s. booked at Polytechnic and Agents.

## PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

## IF IN WANT OF MONEY, WHY GO TO MONEYLENDERS? Persons with annuities, incomes, legacies, expectations on deposit, can obtain a sum of money on a simple note of hand, interest for each £100 lent; existing loans paid off; correspondence invited (no fee);—Lothouse and Co. Bankers. Agents, 1s.

LOANS Without Publicity.—From £10 to £1,000; on note of hand alone; easy repayments; trade bills discounted; Wm. Stanier and Co. (actual lenders), 33, St. John's Hill, Dulwich Junction, S.W., and 63, Parket, Camden Town, N.W.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established firm of W. B. & Son, 11, Devon-rd, West Hampstead.

MONEY lent on simple note of hand; from £2 to £1,000 privately at one day's notice; repayable by easy instalments; no preliminary fees; for details—Apply Mr. John Seymour, 11, Devon-rd, West Hampstead, E.C.

MONEY Lent Privately.—£10 to £10,000, at a few hours' notice on note of hand alone, without sureties or security. Terms on my best advice. Apply to Mr. John Seymour, 11, Devon-rd, West Hampstead, E.C.

## BOAR RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

PRECOCITY (title Bolting Room to let to single man; 6s., inc.—11, Devon-rd, West Hampstead).

WANTED by young foreigner board and residence in good English family; Balham or Clapham.—Address "M. R. care Davies and Co., Advertising Agents, Finch-lane, Croydon."

## HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

RUBBER Tyres fitted to trap, cart, carriage wheels in few minutes; highest quality; lowest prices.—61, New Kent-rd, London.

## PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



The magnificent town hall at Bombay, where a purdah reception was held in honour of the Princess. A purdah reception is one to which only ladies are admitted.

Mrs. L. Goodman, the oldest living artist, entered upon her ninety-fourth year yesterday.

Jabez Balfour is now allowed to grow his hair in Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight, which indicates his early release.

Five Conservatives, three Liberals, and two Liberal Unionists have been added to the Justices of the Peace for Leicester.

Mr. H. F. Compton, of Mistead Manor, New Forest, has been chosen Conservative candidate for the New Forest Division of Hampshire.

Sir Anthony MacDonnell, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has just undergone a serious operation in London, is progressing favourably.

Important experiments are to be carried out at Devonport with a newly-designed automatic self-closing valve to be fitted beneath the ventilators of submarine vessels.

Three foxes together were suddenly viewed as the Quorn Hounds were entering Quorn Village on Saturday. The first one jumped into the River Soar and was drowned, the second was killed by Wm. Walmsley, Pitt-st, Blackburn, who picked up the foxes on the pack on the river bank, and the third managed to save his brush.

Another death from anthrax has taken place in Bradford, the victim being a woman named Ellen Hudson Silson, aged thirty-seven.

Mr. J. E. Smith, a blind man, is to be recommended for an appointment under the London County Council as pianoforte tuner.

In a disused cellar not far away has been discovered the safe which was carried off from the Accrington Hippodrome. All efforts to force it open having failed, its contents were intact.

"Is this your first time here?" a defendant was asked at Halifax Police Court by the new mayor. "It is," was the reply. "This is also my first appearance," said his Worship, "and I will dismiss the case."

In reply to a congratulatory telegram which he sent to the King on his Majesty's birthday, a Dublin gentleman received the following reply:—"The King thanks you very much for your good wishes.—Knollys."

After being tossed about for nearly a hundred days in the Irish Sea, a bottle from Belfast Lough, containing a letter addressed to Mrs. Walmsley, Soar and was drowned, the second was killed by Wm. Walmsley, Pitt-st, Blackburn, who picked up the foxes on the pack on the river bank, and the third managed to save his brush.

"DAILY MAIL."

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1510 and 2190 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refined," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

## THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

We have a fresh reason this morning to be proud of and thankful for our Royal Family. Once more Queen Alexandra has touched the heart of the nation by her womanly pity for the poor.

Once more she stirs us to action by her prompt and practical sympathy and good sense.

The Unemployed Bill which the Government introduced last session proposed to permit public funds to be devoted to Labour colonies. Mr. Balfour dropped this part of the measure, and since then he has evidently changed his mind on the subject, for he told the Women's Deputation last Monday that the Unemployed must depend on charity.

At the Mansion House the Prime Minister repeated this, and made an appeal to the charitable. But he did not indicate any channel through which their money might flow. There was talk of the Lord Mayor starting a Fund. But while men were thinking, a woman acted. Queen Alexandra has started a Fund herself.

She appeals to all charitably-disposed people in the Empire, both men and women, to assist her in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, starving Unemployed during this winter. She heads the list herself with a donation of £2,000.

Now it may be said without impertinence—and it is just as well it should be said—that this sum represents a real act of self-sacrifice and generosity on the Queen's part. The Royal Family are not a rich family. Considering the constant calls upon them, their income is not at all a large one. For the Queen to give £2,000 means literally that she thinks more of others than she does of herself. She would rather spend a really big slice of her strictly limited income in helping the Unemployed than spend it upon her own comfort.

That is the true spirit of Love (Charity, you recollect, really means Love); and it is impossible that her Majesty's words, so simple, yet so charged with emotion, should not go straight home to the hearts of all the British race. The success of the Unemployed Fund this winter is assured.

There are, however, two points still to be borne in mind. One is that the money ought to be used so as to do the greatest possible amount of permanent good. It ought not to be frittered away upon momentary measures of relief, as previous Unemployed Funds have been.

Could not we start a Labour Colony system such as they have in certain parts of Germany, where the excellent principle prevails: "If a man will not work neither shall he eat"? Women and children—they must be given food and warmth and shelter, whether husbands and fathers are deserving or not. But to support in idleness men who are able to work—that would only make the situation worse instead of better.

The other point to remember is, that Charity cannot be relied upon for ever to stave off the solution of the Problem of the Poor. For one thing, the charitable are not the many, but the few. How long will a small section of the community continue to deny itself for the benefit of the nation? For another thing, it is not Charity that the Unemployed ask for. It is Justice.

The question every sensible man and woman is asking to-day is: Why are there so many Unemployed? It is not a temporary evil. It has been steadily growing worse for many years. To be content with merely raising Charitable Funds winter after winter is like the conduct of a man who treats repeated serious symptoms of disease with Pain-killer or Corn-cure, without going to a doctor and finding out what he can do to stop them altogether.

H. H. F.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—R. L. Stevenson.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

HERE is no doubt that the illness of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg is a serious affair, for he is in his ninetieth year, and has not been very strong since the serious carriage accident which happened to him a few years ago in Paris. He was driving in the Bois with his friend, the Baron von Dyck, when the horses took fright at an unusually alarming-looking motor-car—motor-cars were then, besides, not so common as they are now—and bolted. The carriage turned a corner sharply, upset, and the Grand Duke was terribly bruised about the head and back. The fact that he recovered so well as he did from the shock shows that he must have had a sufficiently hearty constitution.

\* \* \*

But he seems to those who meet him for the first time now to be rather a pathetic figure. He looks exactly like some caricature of a German beer-drinking philosopher, or a figure out of Grimm, as he sits smoking the longest of possible pipes on his high-backed settle, or is wheeled about in his bath-chair at Luxembourg. His goggles, his immense moustache, and bent figure conceal a refined and kindly nature. Two years ago he was passing a season at a little Italian watering-place,

He rang the bell and asked the servant to say that a woman in very reduced circumstances desired to see the lady of the house. When he was shown in he burst out laughing, and the aunt, divided between amusement and surprise, was obliged to forgive him, after all.

\* \* \*

The late Sir George Williams could scarcely have hoped for more sympathetic eulogist than Archdeacon Sinclair, a "muscular Christian" like himself, who spoke about his life work, before a large congregation, at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday. Strong, cheerful, a churchman with no nonsense about him, the Archdeacon's personality is well suited to attract the young. He is an excellent raconteur, and I have heard him tell many amusing anecdotes about his own experiences. Once before that discreet society, the Semi-Tectotol Pledge Association, he said that he had been asked, not long before, to take a service for a brother clergyman who was ill.

\* \* \*

This clergyman was a bachelor, and had told his servant to see that the Archdeacon had a good lunch. The servant brought an excellent meal, "which," said the Archdeacon, "I enjoyed very much." After lunch she produced a bottle of

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DELUSIONS.



**The Bishop of London denounces Christian Science as a gigantic heresy.** One of the tenets of the "Scientists" is that people are not ill, but only think they are ill. When the "Scientists" occasion the death of a victim through their fatuous blundering they should be imprisoned. This could not be a hardship from their standpoint, as it might be explained to them that they were not really in prison, but only thought they were.

and, as he was wheeled along the esplanade every morning, he made friends with an old beggar who stood by the edge of the pavement.

\* \* \*

One morning he noticed that the beggar was gone. Inquiries were made, and it turned out that the poor fellow had died of pneumonia. The Grand Duke found out the date and hour of the funeral, provided himself with a magnificent wreath, and insisted upon following the body of his beggar friend to his last home. It was an unusual funeral—the poor coffin with the splendid flowers on it, the white-haired patriarch in uniform following, and a host of burgomasters, civic dignitaries, and soldiers winding up the procession.

\* \* \*

It would be hard to find a more original and disconcerting person than the Mr. Lionel Terry who is about to be tried for shooting a Chinaman in order to call attention, in that unorthodox manner, to the imminence of the Yellow Danger. His life seems to have been enlivened by a series of such eccentric actions. He is, as those who have followed his story know, an unusually tall man—at least 6 ft. 3 in.—Some years ago he mortally offended an aunt of his by one of his pranks, and the good lady vowed never to speak to him again. He was equally determined that she should. Accordingly he dressed himself up as a poor woman, and walked, pursued by the criticisms of a crowd which had never seen a woman of such dimensions before, to his aunt's house in London.

claret, and she asked, "And what will you take to drink, sir? Master says as how you're not a temperate gentleman." She meant temperance, of course, but the mistake put the other's friendship in a most unfavourable light.

\* \* \*

All lovers of modernity in art will be sorry to hear of the illness of Eugene Carrière, the famous French painter of portraits veiled in mist. Carrière's work has several times been shown in England, and as a young man he came over here to work. During the time he spent in London he was often in the direst poverty. He tells a story which throws light upon the kind of hardship so many great men have to endure before reaching success. He was invited one night to dine with a certain wealthy and influential person in the West End, and he could not afford to give offence by refusing the invitation.

\* \* \*

Carrière had lodgings at that time near the Crystal Palace, and when the night of the dinner came he found that he had only a few pence left—just enough, in fact, to buy a ticket to town. It was raining, and it would not have done to arrive in evening dress stained by the rain and mud, so he spent his last penny on the ticket. But after the dinner and the evening spent in the rich man's house, with every luxury around him, he had to start back over the long distance to his lodgings on foot. He arrived, weary and wet, just as dawn was coming over the houses.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## UNIVERSITY RAGGING—A DEFENCE.

I wish as eye-witness of the events, to protest against the much-exaggerated and very unfair accounts which have been given in the papers of the King's birthday celebrations at Cambridge.

I see it stated that "two policemen were handcuffed." As a matter of fact, only one was so treated, and not by members of this university, but by the town roughs, who invariably do their utmost to turn harmless and peaceful demonstrations into destructive riots.

I do not mean to excuse the gowmen of what was undoubtedly most disorderly behaviour, but I must say that to credit them with such acts as unprovoked attacks on the police and maltreatment of women is a gross libel.

I may also add that it has not been pointed out that a collection of £215 7s. 6d. was made among the undergraduates and placed at the disposal of the town authorities to defray the cost of the damage done.

A THIRD-YEAR MAN.

The Union Society, Cambridge.

## ITALIAN BUILDING MATERIALS.

The architectural world would rise up in a body if the Unemployed were to endeavour to shut out the importation of marble, terra-cotta, and the many varieties of wood and other materials used in the construction of buildings, for the simple reason that we cannot obtain them in England.

Besides, the material imported from Italy comes over in English ships, and is lightened and carried by English labour. The work is executed by trade union bricklayers and labourers, and the firms represented in the trade are English.

Your correspondent is not observant of such materials as asphalt, mosaic, terrazzo, and similar materials which are not only manufactured abroad, but are actually fixed by foreign labour.

ALBERT C. FREEMAN (Architect).  
72, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

## LIVING WITHOUT WORKING.

Does not "Puxy Irritans" know that the source of all wealth is labour? It follows from this elementary fact that all who live without working live on the labour of others, and are therefore fitly termed parasites.

Capital is no doubt essential to the very existence of a civilised community, but it does not follow that it should be possessed in vast quantities by private individuals. Any benefits derived from capital must be attributed to the labour which produced, rather than to individuals who, through no effort of their own, happen to possess it.

It is not the case that the capitalist assists the labourer by giving him work. The labourer assists the capitalist by producing the capital.

Chapter-road, Willesden Green. E. H. Hurst.

## FAIRY TALES.

I should recommend the reading of fairy stories to purely English children, as it is a well-known fact that the Anglo-Saxon race is devoid of imagination, and that is worse than having too much of a gift so often troublesome.

The Scotch, too, might indulge in them, as they have all the "gritty" qualities to counter-balance fairy stuff.

But I should certainly prohibit the reading and teaching of fairy lore to Irish children and to the Latin races as most detrimental. A SUFFERER. Lyndhurst, Hants.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The King of Greece.

HE is Queen Alexandra's brother, and for that reason, if for that alone, will be received with a cordiality which we generally keep for old friends, when he arrives in England to-day.

King George is a very up-to-date monarch, with little or no formality about him: Kings in old days (so we read in the history books) were set apart from the ordinary race of men, high up on their thrones, solitary and inaccessible people. But the modern king—unless he happen to be the modern Caesar, too—likes nothing better than to escape from the throne, and the sceptre, and to imagine himself one of the crowd.

King George has always shared this taste for privacy. When he took over the crown of Greece (which had been refused by Queen Victoria on behalf of Prince Albert) some forty years ago, he did so nonchalantly, as though he had been offered the loan of another man's house for a season. And he has always ruled his people like a familiar friend, walking about the streets of Athens almost unaccompanied, swinging his walking-stick cheerfully, the very type, like his father, the King of Denmark, of an accomplished country gentleman.

## IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 12.—Bulbs, if they are to flower well next year, must be planted at once; and, before the soil becomes quite cold, hardy plants for blooming in the spring should be put in.

Great care should now be taken in arranging border edges, which should be a beautiful feature in every garden. Turf, when well kept, makes a charming edging to a long bed; large stones, over which rock plants creep, can also be used.

But for a sunny, dry border, thrift (sea pink) is perhaps the most useful subject for planting round the margin, while in damp, shady positions, "London Pride" is always satisfactory. E. F. T.

# CAMERAGRAPH'S

LADY SHREWSBURY LEAVING THE LAW COURTS.



The suit which the Countess of Shrewsbury brought against her husband, England's premier Earl, was amicably settled. The Earl stated, through his counsel, that he was quite willing to perform all his obligations. The photograph shows Lady Shrewsbury (marked with an X) leaving the Law Courts.

SNAPSHOT OF LADY SHREWSBURY IN THE RAIN.



The Countess of Shrewsbury arriving at the Law Courts in a downpour of rain. She had brought an action against her husband concerning an agreement made in 1896, by which the Earl promised to allow her £4,000 a year. Alton Towers, the family country seat, is to be suitably kept up for her use.

MAGNIFICENT NEW HARBOUR AT SEAHAM,



Opened by the Prime Minister on Saturday. It is the property of Lord Londonderry in Durham. It is estimated that 2,000,000 tons of coal per annum will in future be shipped from this new harbour.



# CURRENT E

NEW INDOOR RIFLE RANGE AT WAN



Lord Roberts opening a new indoor rifle range at Earlsfield on Saturday. The range is twenty-five yards in length, and has cost about £200. Eight marksmen can shoot at a time.

TORCHLIGHT TATTOO AT T



Instead of celebrating his Majesty's birthday, as usual, with a display of fireworks, the enthusiastic crowds watched the performance, whilst the bands gave an exce

PATHETIC SCENES OF THE T



The photograph shows crowds at Odessa waiting at the hospital to obtain news of their friends and relatives who had been slain or wounded in the terrible revolution.—(Specially taken for the Daily Mirror.)

# VENTS IN PICTURES

SWORTH OPENED BY LORD ROBERTS.



Lady Eileen Roberts firing the first shot at the Borough of Wandsworth Rifle Club at Earlsfield. During the last three months thirty-five new clubs have been affiliated to the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs.

DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.



of the Duke of York's Royal Military School gave a torchlight tattoo at Chelsea. En-  
programme of popular martial airs.—(Taken at night by the *Daily Mirror*.)

RIBLE MASSACRE IN ODESSA.



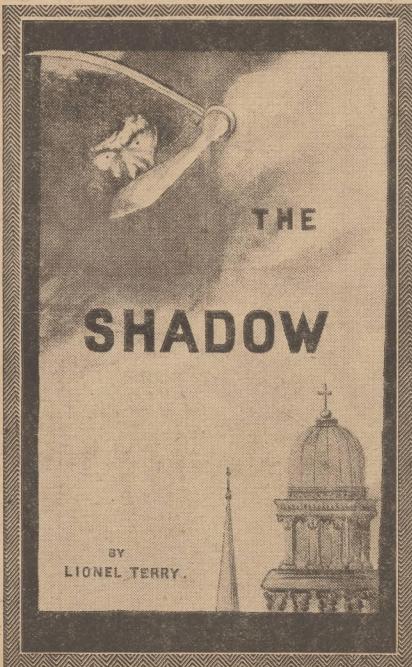
Photograph showing the deep trenches in which the victims of the desperate conflicts in Odessa were buried. The slain were heaped in the trenches and buried en masse.—(Photo-  
graph specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*.)

**Killed a Chinaman  
TO ADVERTISE A BOOK AGAINST  
CHINESE.**



Mr. Lionel Terry, the young author who shot a Chinaman at Wellington, New Zealand, to call attention to the Yellow Peril, concerning which he had written in his book, called "The Shadow." He is the son of a well-known estate agent in the West End of London.

TITLE PAGE OF "THE SHADOW."



Photograph of the drawing on the cover of the book, drawn by Mr. Lionel Terry, the author who shot a Chinaman in New Zealand to advertise it.

MR. EDWARD TERRY,



Father of the young author awaiting his trial in Wellington (New Zealand) Gaol.

# 'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

## CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller, really Ronal Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, now released from prison, after serving four years' for extensive fraud.

ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.

CLARE MAINWARING, a charming young girl whom Richard Balshaw had once been engaged to marry during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and amiable officer.

AN UNKNOWN LADY.

JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Ronald Carstairs.

MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

COLONEL MAPPERLEY, an old Anglo-Indian officer.

## CHAPTER XIII. (continued).

It was a tremendous moment.

Pym had voiced the silent workings of Balshaw's conscience, and was appealing to him as a man. It was not a question now of baffling a detective, probing a woman's secret, or strengthening the foundations of an audacious lie. For the nonce these things were overshadowed by a far greater issue. It was no longer a question of the wisdom or unwise of a certain course of action, but of its morality.

"Come," whispered Pym. "Let us go out into the wider world—you and I—and grasp its wonders and its joys, and leave this woman alone!"

"I go back to Leicester to-morrow!" The words came, sharp and staccato, from Balshaw's lips. They represented the decision of a man whose mind was made up irrevocably.

Again a moan, that whimpered away into nothing, went out from Pym. He had made his effort and failed. His eyes dulled with a look of hopelessness. His head sank forward a little—he was the slave of the lamp again, ready to throw in his lot with the man whose will was stronger than his own, whom he worshipped with a devotion that was based on the surest of all foundations—gratitude; yet a devotion that was not blind. All his intellect and his infinite capacity for taking pains were at Balshaw's disposal. The man who was capable of inspired verse had spent hours and hours patiently hanging around Scotland Yard like a private detective, in order to solve the identity of Detective-sergeant Vance. And, as well as this, he was patiently burrowing his way through an underground labyrinth of crime and crookedness in an endeavour to solve the relations between Mrs. Wilbraham, fascinating woman of society and a famed hostess, who had entertained royalty, and Burke Fossett, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for a "long-firm" swindle. He was the "ghost" in the background, gathering details and forging weapons for the master mind, and not accounting its degradation.

"We won't waste time in further argument, John," said Balshaw, and the other man, watching him, saw an expression of brutalism creep across his face. "Only this, my motive in going back is not utterly selfish. I've work to do."

"Work?" echoed the slave of the lamp.

"I want to find out," came back the quiet answer, "what is the chain that binds Clare to Ivor Armitage—and then snap it!"

After that the two men sat up late into the night, the slave of the lamp listening, absorbing, and analysing, the other man talking quietly. When, at last, they sought their rooms, both looked tired from the prolonged spell of close mental concentration; yet it was only with the assistance of morphine that Pym found sleep.

But he was up before, and nine o'clock saw him, rather leaden-eyed and his worn, intellectual features unhealthily pale, dredging through the voluminous correspondence brought by the post. He was in full possession of the happenings that had crowded Balshaw's few days' stay at Postern Abbey.

"A person giving the name of Vance," said a tastefully-dressed manservant, entering the room, "would be glad if Mr. Balshaw could see him for a few moments."

"Vance?"

There was a slight stutter in Pym's voice as he told the man to ask Mr. Vance to wait. Then he hurried to Balshaw's room. Balshaw was in bed, and yawned sleepily as Pym roused him.

"Vance is here," whispered the slave of the lamp. "V-Vance. He wants to see you. I shall say that you—you're not up yet, ask him his business, and make an appointment for later in the day."

Balshaw straightened up in bed.

"It's this accursed burglary business," he muttered. "They wanted to see me, last night. No, don't send him away. Send him up here to me."

"Send him up here?"

"Yes. I shall be in my bath. I'm in a frightful hurry, and have a train to catch. We can carry on our conversation through the bathroom door—while I take my tub."

Pym looked at him imploringly.

"Do as I tell you, John. I don't want to give the fellow the idea that I want to dodge him—that might wake some sort of suspicion in his mind. As it is, he simply wants to ask a few questions over this burglary—quite superfluous, probably—but you know what these fellows are—all note-books and questions. Send him up!"

A few minutes later Pym ushered Vance into the dressing-room adjoining a very luxurious bath-

room. There was a sound of splashing and a hissing such as a groom makes when he rubs down a horse. Pym tapped on the door.

"Detective-sergeant Vance, Mr. Balshaw," he cried. "He wishes to speak to you about the burglary at Postern Abbey."

"All right," came back a reply in a low, well-bred voice. "Go ahead, Mr. Vance. Excuse me, but I'm shockingly pressed for time—just going back to Leicester."

Then more splashing and hissing. Vance stepped close to the door, commonplace looking and as stoical as ever.

"What?" cried Balshaw, in answer to a question. "The number of my watch?" No, sorry to say I never knew it." Then, in answer to another question, "It was past two. I should say when I left my rooms to post my letters. I was away about ten minutes—lost my way in the corridors—the Abbey's a puzzling place. Half a minute, Mr. Vance. I'll open the door in a minute—soon as I'm respectable."

Pym clasped his thin hands behind his back in order to hide their twitching.

"Any clue to the thief?" followed a moment later.

"It's too early to be sanguine," replied Vance. "Don't believe in committing yourself, Mr. Vance?" came back through the door with a low-toned laugh. "Ready for you in a moment."

A few seconds later there was a click of a bolt being shot back and the door opened. Pym's eyes were huge now with a look of agonised suspense. Balshaw was enveloped in a dressing-gown of rough towelling. The hood was partially over his wet head. His lower face was white with lather and a moustache-guard protected his moustache. "Excuse me getting on with my shaving, Mr. Vance. I don't want to miss my train—if I can help it. There's a box of cigars in the dressing-room. Help yourself."

Balshaw turned to the shaving mirror, and commenced operation. Vance's child face was reflected in the mirror. Balshaw answered his questions as he shaved himself steadily.

"Not an easy business, Mr. Vance," he said once, speaking a little indistinctly. "I dislocated my wrist some little time ago and it's not right yet—oh!"

Balshaw had cut himself. He picked up a towel and pressed it to his face. Then he turned and looked at Vance straightly.

"Anything else I can tell you, of course—?"

"Thank you, Mr. Balshaw. I think that's all. Much obliged."

Pym escorted Vance from the room. When he returned Balshaw was laughing quietly.

"John, old fellow," he said. "So that is your bogey, Vance?"

He laughed again.

"I should say his intelligence is equal to that of the average railway porter."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Wilbraham had received her doctor's permission to leave her rooms, but it was her custom to breakfast in her own rooms and attend to her correspondence before making her appearance. There was an air of lassitude about her movements and a trace of fever on her cheeks as she dealt with her letters, tossing to one side those to be dealt with by her secretary. Her correspondence included begging letters from brazen vagabonds to high dignitaries of the Church, invitations, acceptances, and requests to preside at bazaars and other functions.

One of the letters that she opened was from an intimate friend of the late Leo Wilbraham, announcing his arrival at the Abbey that afternoon. She pencilled the time on an ivory tablet, and smiled a little weakly.

Sir Dymond Magnus bored and oppressed her with his ponderous admiration; but he had been exceedingly good to her at the time of Mr. Wilbraham's death, advising and assisting her in the matter of the huge fortune bequeathed to her. Sir Dymond, chairman of a big life insurance company, and a director of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, was well qualified to render such assistance.

Richard Balshaw had returned to Postern Abbey on the previous day. Sometimes the remembrance of the strength that he had shown when they stood together in the dimly-lit corridor filled her with a raging exasperation; at other times, recalling his coolness and presence of mind and his anxiety for her reputation, with admiration. The problem associated with him had a way of yielding to the man. She was possessed with a passionate desire to conquer and bring him to her feet.

The entrance of her maid, bearing letters brought by the second post, did not serve to divert her thoughts. She was expecting an answer to the letter she was carrying to the post-box when she met Balshaw in the corridor.

As the door closed on the maid, Mrs. Wilbraham flicked through her correspondence with anxious haste till one of the superscriptions stayed her hand.

She tore open the envelope quickly, with trembling fingers. The envelope contained another envelope, cheap, unaddressed, and sealed. This in its turn contained a scrap of paper, the scroll pen-rolled on it suggesting a feeble hand writing under difficulties. It contained the answer to her question: "Who was Messenger from Mars?"

(Continued on page 13.)

## "The Writing on the Wall."

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1902 was 289,361  
1903 " 286,459  
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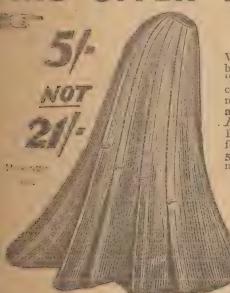
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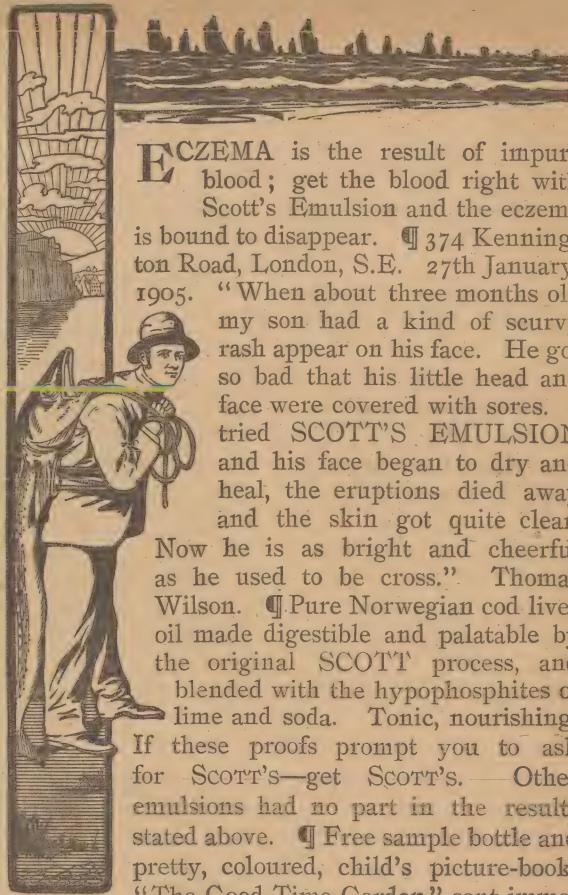
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## THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

## MRS. TEMPLER'S CURES FOR VARIOUS ILLS.

"I had a pathetic letter from Miriam Travers this morning," said Belinda, coming into Mrs. Templer's sitting-room, where Julia was enconced at the writing-table. "She has burnt her hand most severely, and wants to know if you could give her a good ointment to soothe it."

"One that has been recommended to me is made in the following way: Put into a glazed pipkin 1lb. of the best olive oil. Place this carefully on the stove, and let it come to the boil. Now add 2oz. of the best white lead finely powdered and sifted. Stir it with a wooden spoon till it is a light brown colour. Now add four ounces of the best yellow beeswax cut into small pieces, and keep stirring until it is melted and mixed."

"Take it off the fire and continue stirring it until cool. Then add 4oz. camphor which has been powdered, and cover it up closely with white paper for a short time. Afterwards stir it up, put it into pots, and secure it with bladder to keep out the air. This must be spread on linen and applied to the affected parts, and changed every twelve or twenty-four hours. Great care must be taken not to let the air get to the wound."

"Excuse me one moment," interrupted Julia, "but I am writing to Lesbia, who wishes to know of a dry shampoo for the hair. Did I once hear you say that salt is a good cleanser?"

## Dry Shampoo.

"For a dry shampoo it is, when mixed with equal parts oforris-root and salt. Rub this into the hair thoroughly, and then brush every particle out with a good stiff brush. You will find that this cleanses and stimulates the hair wonderfully."

"The uses of salt seem to be many," said Julia. "Are there any other ways in which it may be employed?"

"Salt and bay-rum mixed make a good lotion for the scalp, and should be rubbed into the hair by means of the fingers," resumed Mrs. Templer.

"Then salt and charcoal mixed make an excellent dentifrice to be used once a week. A small pinch of salt added to a glass of hot water, which must be drunk first thing in the morning and last thing at night, will assist in keeping the system in order and ward off bilious attacks. A cloth wrung out in boiling water and salt, and placed at the back of the neck, will often alleviate sick and nervous headaches, so that you will see the uses of salt both

for toilet and remedial purposes are many and varied."

"Many thanks," said Julia. "And, now, could you give me an inexpensive cold cream that could be used in place of soap for the face and arms?"

"I can recommend an excellent one," replied Mrs. Templer, "and, as it is very inexpensive, it may suit many people." "I am glad it isn't cheap and nasty," murmured Belinda, sotto voce.

Mrs. Templer shook her head playfully.

"It is cheap and good," she answered emphatically, "but, like all other prescriptions, should be carefully made. Place 1lb. of the best pure lard in a basin and pour boiling water on to the fat. Stir this till it is melted, and then leave it till it is cold. Boil more water, and once more pour it over the lard, and again leave it till it is settled. This process should be repeated half a dozen times."

"I suppose that is to purify the lard?" queried Julia.

Mrs. Templer nodded.

"Now beat a tablespoonful of the oatmeal into

the lard, and add a few drops of scent. Put it," she continued, "into a jar, and the cold cream will be ready for use in almost an hour's time."

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

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## LEADING LEAGUE CLUBS DEFEATED.

Wednesday Beaten at Home—Failures by the Villa and Stoke.

## EAVY SCORING BY NEWCASTLE.

By S. B. ASHWORTH (League International).

If Sheffield Wednesday's downfall at Stoke a week ago was galling to their admirers, the calamity at Owerton, where Bolton Wanderers deservedly triumphed, will doubtless kill local enthusiasm for the time being. It was a fine performance for the Trotters, and they would appear to have fairly and their form of a couple of seasons ago.

Preston's victory over the Villa was mainly attributable dapper little Bond, the international winger, and his abiding skill in the art of scoring. He has a strong, strong, strong, and gets many goals off his own boot. The Villa seem to have made mistake of keeping the play too close, tactics which not pay again. North End at Deepdale. Time had been spent football in the ground today.

\* \* \*

Stoke during the last week or two have been erratic, especially one was prepared for their defeat at home at Ashton. A narrow win, a decided stroke

ill luck for the Potters when Rouse got crooked very

on his dash and vice much to the Stoke

and Miller, has been the "catch" of the day.

Stoke and maintains his splendid form in a

marketable manner.

\* \* \*

Burnley found its way back again on Saturday, which meant trouble for its opponents, the Gunners from Colchis. He found the net on three occasions, exactly

as did on his last scoring day. He does not believe

high-measures when fairly on the job. The position of

Arsenal is rapidly becoming serious.

\* \* \*

Sunderland easily accounted for Sunderland, and have

at least number of defeats up to date. They are sure

to be at the death. Sunderland have gone all to

the work of such stars as Hogg, Bridgett,

and coquett is literally thrown away by the fecklessness of their comrades.

\* \* \*

What an exhibition Newcastle made of it. Wolves,

marginally beaten, I should imagine the Hebrews,

not very good in the League. What a dir

unday must have had, and I'll guarantee he dealt

just a few more "scorers." Another magnificent

performance was Liverpool's at Middlesbrough, and

they were absolutely entitled to the

of it. There is not the slightest doubt that Liverpool is one of the finest sides in Britain—a big lot of

and all artists.

\* \* \*

Everton made a good recovery against Blackburn, and evidently touched their highest form in the

going half, which would their highest form in the

opponents. Manchester City made a goal record

good form of a week or two back is hardly being

sained. May they miss the suspended Green.

Poor again caught it hot before their own supporters,

the luck of the game went to their opponents. Shet-

United, who certainly did not deserve to win 5-2.

## SOUTHERN SURPRISES.

saints and 'Spurs Beaten—Fulham Disappointing.

By F. B. WILSON (Cambridge University). That extraordinary in and out side, Millwall, upset the

parties can again on Saturday by beating the 'Spurs' by

goals to 1. Showing any amount of dash and

individuality, Millwall kept the Tottenham defence going

all it was worth for the first quarter of an hour.

In the second half, the first to score, Kyle beating

in a long, low shot.

In the second half Millwall equalised and drew ahead,

scoring hard and steadily, whereas the 'Spurs' and

Millwall scored on a wet ground. A feature of

the game was the capture of Newcomer.

After a fairly even first half at Bristol, the Royers ran

rule over Southampton to the tune of 5 goals to 1.

Showing a great turn of speed and fine shooting ability,

the Royers upped the pace and left the opposition

gobsmacked, guessing wrongly.

Fulham gave a most disappointing show at home,

which had promised a good football, and could only effect a draw. The

team was prominent at centre half, but the stronger

defence, and Watford, for whom Foster at centre for-

ward was fast and clever, showing the better form for

and after. Half-time, Watford played on ten men

through the defence, and the game ended as stated,

or Fulham, Threlfall and Wardrop made a good left

and right. Linfield and Biggs were good, but Watford

was a great deal more commanding displayed in

the second half, which split a fairly good game.

New Brighton did fairly well, at home, to effect a

draw with Plymouth Argyle. Plymouth were the first to

score, but the 'Spurs' had to wait until

for Griffiths quite easily. New Brighton, however,

nicely equalised, Marriot getting through from a

corner.

Burnsford have to thank some wonderful work by White,

in the goal, or they would assuredly have been beaten

Swindon instead of registering a draw. Swindon

on the other hand, had the best of matters in the first half, but

they were unable to get through from a miss-kick by

Miller. Early in the second half Logan equalised from

grand centre by Dean. Up to the end Swindon ran

strongly, but Whittaker was not to be beaten and the

Queen's Park Rangers played a fine dual dazzling game at

one against Reading, winning well by 3 goals to love.

They were unable to get through from a miss-kick by

Flanagan, who played a fine game.

Downing, Downing crossed to Rovers, and the latter

terminated in a pass to Downing, who scored

an own goal.

Ringside and Newbigging showed one

goal each, and Jackson made his first appear-

ance, and showed an excellent ability, scored a good

goal, and the same to all others.

Plymouth won a good struggle at home against

Stratford by 2 goals to 1.

## WELSH FOOTBALL.

Cardiff and Swansea Just Win Their Matches—Penarth's Victory.

By E. GWYN NICHOLLS (Welsh International).

Cardiff went to Llanelli with five of their usual team absent, the places being filled with men from the reserve team. Rain fell during the whole of the match, and the ball soon became in a sodden condition, putting any scientific play out of the question.

Cardiff had the best of the play at the start. Their forward packed solidly, and enabled David to often send the ball out to Bush. The latter, notwithstanding the conditions, brought off some really brilliant runs, and Cardiff's—the only score of the match—was the direct result of an opening made by him, McCarthy being the actual scorer.

Llanelli tried passing, but without success, and in the second half changed their tactics. They adopted the kick-and-rush game, and came very near scoring on two occasions. With a little more fitness they would have succeeded. Their much-needed break in breaking away from the scrums was the Carron method, and the ball became lost when they started after it like so many bees. It was the only over-eagerness that robbed them of a score.

Penarth brought off a great surprise by giving Newport a severe trouncing. They have come on a lot lately, still a goal and 2 tries to a penalty-goal takes a deal of explaining. Newport must have been quite of colour in view of such a decisive defeat. The visitors had the better of the game, and the ball was turned to good account by their opponents.

Leicester, as usual, put up a keen fight against Swansea, a penalty-goal only being the margin in favour of the All Whites. The game, under adverse conditions, was a good one. Swansea proved themselves the clever side. They combined better, and were faster in the open, and quite deserved their win.

\* \* \*

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not very good in the League. What a dir

unday must have had, and I'll guarantee he dealt

just a few more "scorers." Another magnificent

performance was Liverpool's at Middlesbrough, and

they were absolutely entitled to the

of it. There is not the slightest doubt that Liverpool is one of the finest sides in Britain—a big lot of

and all artists.

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London Welsh Still Invincible—Cantabs Beaten by Blackheath.

ENGLISH RUGBY GAMES.

London Welsh Still Invincible—Cantabs Beaten by Blackheath.

SPECIAL BY TOUCH JUDGE.

The London Welsh added another victory to their list on Saturday at the expense of the Irish, whom they defeated very handsomely. The Welsh brigade are in great form this season, having won all their matches so far, and will be in the running for the title of champion. This afternoon, however, the Captain of New Zealand, the Mariborough Monarchs tried the plan of seven forwards and eight backs against the Scottish, but came to grief. The Scotchmen trusted in their backs, and sent the ball to the front line, and the ball was turned to good account by their opponents.

The surprise of the afternoon was the defeat of Cambridge University, who were only able to send down a moderate team. After the big fight that the Light Blues made with the New Zealanders a victory for them seemed well assured. Possibly they had not got over the effects of their victory over the Scotchmen. This afternoon will make most people wonder whether the New Zealand form was quite right. The Oxford men do not seem to have got the ball between the individuals down to them, and went down to the Huddersfield on Saturday, not playing anything like as well as in the previous week at Leek. Munro will have hard work to pull his side into proper shape in time for the Union Cup.

In the county games, Devon wiped out Gloucestershire so comfortably as to suggest that it will be top of the south-west, especially as Cornwall had hard work to beat Somerset. The former, however, did not do well in hearing Yorkshire, and look like making a good bid for first honours in the north. As they went down before Cheshire, who had twice been defeated, Cumberland may be considered out of the running.

NORTHERN UNION SPORT.

Leeds at the Head of the League—Farcical Football at Bradford.

SPECIAL BY HORNET.

The weekend has seen a slight shuffling of the cards in the Northern Union, and at the head of which Leeds are now safely placed with a fairly substantial lead over their nearest rivals, Oldham and Keighley, both of whom failed, the latter on their own ground, a man on the card, and the other on a rearrangement of a rearranged

team. Foster, who, who, were not able to display their scoring propensities.

New Zealanders and Scottish (b) had a fairly good game, but they would seem to be subject to partial paralysis when they meet Albert Goldthorpe and his colleagues. Hunter ran up a score of 17 points, and his display generally was a good one. Peter Goldthorpe, however, was beaten by the centre forward, and his display generally was a good one. Peter Goldthorpe, however, was beaten by the centre forward, and his display generally was a good one.

If revenge was denied to Keighley, fate was kinder to Bradford and Broughton Rangers, who had the intense satisfaction of winning against a good opposition. Those whom a fortnight ago were beaten in the Cup competition, League points gained would be particularly welcome.

A solitary goal, obtained in splendid style by Lomas, gave Bradford their victory over Oldham, but there was well earned. A prominent figure on the Oldham side was Sam Irvin, the ex-Devonport man, his full-back display being perfect.

Downing, Downing crossed to Rovers, and the latter terminated in a pass to Downing, who scored an own goal.

Farciard was the best of the Bradford players, and the Queen's Park Rangers played a fine dual dazzling game at one against Reading, winning well by 3 goals to love.

They were unable to get through from a miss-kick by Flanagan, who played a fine game.

Downing, Downing crossed to Rovers, and the latter

terminated in a pass to Downing, who scored an own goal.

Ringside and Newbigging showed one

goal each, and Jackson made his first appear-

ance, and showed an excellent ability, scored a good

goal, and the same to all others.

Plymouth won a good struggle at home against

Stratford by 2 goals to 1.

Walsall and Rovers had a fair game, and the latter

terminated in a pass to Downing, who scored an own goal.

Hull pleased their friends by the way they

overcame Hatfield, who played a fine game.

Harrovian and Newbigging showed one

goal each, and Jackson made his first appear-

ance, and showed an excellent ability, scored a good

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West Bromwich, for whom Jackson made his first appear-

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